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Original Communications.

THE SEA-UNICORN.

THE history of the Sea-Unicorn, as far as regards the traits that distinguish it from the rest of the cetaceous tribe, would be brief indeed, if we were to confine ourselves to what is positively known of it; but the history of an animal is not confined within such narrow limits; it embraces the opinions that have been held on the subject, especially when they have been widely spread and handed down to us from one generation to another. They, then, cannot be regarded merely as the offspring of the imagination, and we naturally conclude that something of reality must have given rise to them.

Aristotle and Pliny, with several other Greek and Roman naturalists, speak of the unicorn in several of their works. The Greeks called it *monoceros*, and the Romans, *unicornos*, from which our word *unicorn* is derived.

A unicorn was, as stated by the ancients, an animal essentially characterized by a horn placed in the middle of the forehead. Pliny describes it thus in Book viii. of his Natural History:—

"The unicorn is a very ferocious animal, having the head of a stag, the feet of an elephant, the tail of a boar, and which, in other parts, resembles a horse, only it has a black horn, about three feet in length, in the middle of the forehead. It is impossible to take it alive."

This is not the only account that the ancients have left us of the unicorn; but they are nearly all of a similar nature. The horns of these animals, as believed by them, was a preservative against incurable diseases, convulsions, poison, and the bite of reptiles; and therefore princes and other great men, whose lives were in daily peril, placed great value on them on account of their virtues.

Many of the horns that have been handed down to us among the treasures of kings, as being those of unicorns, are nothing but a species of tooth resembling that of the elephant.

The real horns are of two kinds: the one apparently that of the rhinoceros, which seems to be the unicorn described by Pliny; for the feet of the elephant, the tail of the boar, the impossibility of taking it alive, are features which decidedly belong to this animal. The other is that of the antelope, and although stated that this animal had been seen with one horn, it might have been an instance of natural defect, or the result of accident. Then, without hazarding too much, we may say that the unicorns of the ancients were nothing more nor less than the rhinoceros, and a certain species of the antelope. Among the supposed horns that the ancients have left us, a great number of them are the teeth of the narval, or sea-unicorn, so called from its having a tooth from seven to ten feet long. Among all the variety of weapons with which nature has armed her various tribes, there is not one so large or so formidable as the tusk of the narval. This terrible weapon is generally found single, and some are of opinion that the animal is only furnished with one by nature; but there is ample proof of instances to the contrary, for a narval with two teeth was for some time to be seen at the Stadthouse, at Amsterdam. The tooth, or horn, of the sea-unicorn, is as straight as an arrow, is wreathed, and tapers to a sharp point; and is whiter, heavier, and harder than ivory.

The form of the sea-unicorn, as may be seen from the engraving prefixed to this article, resembles that of the dolphin, the head being about the seventh part of the body; the mouth is exceedingly small when compared to the enormous bulk of the animal, the eyes keen, and the nostrils placed on the top of the head.

The narvel varies in colour according to age; when young, the back is greyish, with small spots of a dark hue; and when full grown, is whitish, with small brown or grey spots, which vary much in their depth of colour.

The sea-unicorn is generally found about Greenland and Iceland, but Lacépède, in his account of this animal, states that one was seen near Boston. They swim with great rapidity, and are rendered formidable by their tusks, which they sometimes bury in the sides of a ship or in the body of the whale. They are generally seen in numbers, and whenever they are attacked they crowd

together in such a manner that they embarrass each other by their tusks.

"We one day saw," says Scoresby, in his "Voyage to Greenland," "a great number of narvals, that swam near us in parties of fifteen to twenty; the majority of them were males, and had very long horns, or tusks, and seemed to be enjoying themselves by raising their horns above the water, and crossing them as if fencing. During their play they made a very strange noise, as if water were gurgling in their throats, which was probably the case, as the noise was only heard when they lifted their heads above the water. The greater number, apparently attracted by curiosity, followed the vessel, and as the water was clear, we could plainly see them go down to the keel and play with the rudder."

The narval lives upon small fish, and not, as Cravez has asserted, upon sea-plants. Scoresby, in the following passage, confirms our statement:—

"My father sent me the contents of the stomach of a narval, which appeared to me very extraordinary. It consisted of small fishes half digested, with the bones and fins of others, besides the fragments of cuttle-fish, which seemed to constitute its principal food. There was a part of the back-bone of a turbot, fragments of another, with one almost entire—this was about two feet three inches long, and one foot eight inches broad. It is strange that the narval, without teeth, and having a very small mouth, apparently inflexible lips, and a short tongue, is able to seize and swallow a fish about three times larger than its mouth. As the animal in which these extraordinary contents were found was a male, with a tusk of seven feet, I think that this weapon had been used to catch the fish which had recently been made his prey. It is probable that the turbot had been pierced and killed before devoured, otherwise it is difficult to imagine how the narval was able to seize it, or how a fish of such activity as the turbot would allow itself to be taken by one with smooth lips, without teeth to catch, and without the means of holding it."

The sea-unicorn, like the whale, is often used as food, and is, in fact, more valuable than any other cetaceous animal, as the oil which it furnishes is considered the best.

An anecdote relative to narval fishing, which attracted our notice, may not be unacceptable to our readers.

Etienne Turgot was one of the most respectable fishermen of Greenland, and from his expertness in spearing and harpooning the narval and the whale, was respected by all his craft. He had a wife, on whom he doated; and a son, a boy of seven years of age, whose daring disposition and fear-nought character was often the cause of many a sad hour to the mother; but it warmed the father's heart to see in his offspring the same wild spirit that had characterized his own young days,—to hear of a miraculous escape, which reminded him of some of the hazardous scenes of his own daring boyhood.

For several months the son (Pierre) had his mind bent on going out on a fishing excursion with his father; and when the parent returned home at night, the first thing that saluted his ears was,—

"Father, I must go to-morrow."

The indulgent parent, after much persuasion, at last consented; and the following morning was fixed for the fishing excursion.

Pierre slept but little; for his night was spent in dreams. At one time he was chased by a whale, or some other monster of the deep, at another he was making his way home with one on his back. At last morning came, and up he got to wake his father; and shortly afterwards they were gliding along in their light boat—the parent on the look-out for narvals, the son gazing into the crystal element, shouting, from time to time,—

"O! what a fish; if I could reach it."

Thus they moved onwards, the father casting an occasional affectionate glance on the son, while the latter was too busy to see anything but the small fishes that were sporting beneath him.

After gazing for some time on the broad expanse of water, Etienne imagined that he saw something resembling a fish moving on the surface. On drawing nearer he perceived a horn projecting three feet out of the water, and nothing daunted, exclaimed,—

"Ah, ah; a narval!" Scarcely had he uttered these words, when he heard a plunge behind him; and on turning round, he discovered that his son had fallen into the water. The fond parent was about to plunge after him, when his eye caught sight of the tooth of the narval, which was rapidly gliding towards the place where Pierre was. Etienne stood for a moment horror-struck, gazing wildly at his son as he came up gurgling to the surface, then on the huge creature that was threatening to destroy the object of his affection. That presence of mind which had characterized his former actions in time of danger, did not forsake him at this critical moment. He seized his spear, fixed his keen eye upon the frightful animal, raised himself in the boat, and, aiming a thrust at its head, plunged into the water. For a moment nothing was to be seen; neither the father, son, nor fish. All was as if nothing had taken place, save that the water round the boat was tinctured with blood. Was it that of one, or all of them? No, not of all; for, a few moments afterwards, Etienne reached the surface, bearing in his arms his cherished boy.

When once more safely seated in the boat, the father and son looked everywhere

for the wounded fish and the lost spear; but their search was in vain. At last they returned home; and on the husband telling his beloved spouse of the danger they had run, the terrified mother began to scold Pierre for his temerity; but the boy, accustomed to such rebukes, replied,—

"Ah, mother; if you had seen what a beauty it was, you would not scold me. If my arm had been a little longer I am sure I should have caught it."

Years have elapsed; and, in spite *of* all Pierre's solicitations, the prudent mother would not again hear of him accompanying his father on another fishing excursion.

MOUNTAIN BOY.

(From the German of Ludwig Uhland.)

I'm the herdsman-boy of the mountain heath,
Looking down upon all the gay folks beneath:
Here, his first morning visit the sun loves to pay,
And with *me*, to the last, dwells his parting ray,
For I am the lad of the mountain!

Here, the torrent its birthplace hath chosen—alone
I drink it all fresh from its cradle-stone;
It leaps from the rock—wildly dashes away,—
But *I* take it up in my hand to play,
For I am the lad of the mountain!

The mountain's my own—mine inherited ground,
And tempest and storm, though they gather around,
And howl from the north or the south as they will,
Yet the shout of my song is above them still.
I am the lad of the mountain!

Though thunder and lightning beneath me fly,
Yet I'm standing alone, in a clear blue sky;
I know them well, and I call to them, Ho!
Let my father's house bide in peace there below!
For I am the lad of the mountain!

And when the alarm-bell has sounded so shrill,
And many a beacon has blazed from the hill—
Then I hasten me down,—join the eager throng,
And handle my sword—and sing my song—
I am the lad of the mountain.

G. M.

REMINISCENCES OF STERNE:

TRISTRAM SHANDY.

(*Concluded from* p. 150, vol. xxxvii.)

Vol. vii.—Chap. 2 describes his sickness in his passage to Calais, scarcely over-matched, perhaps, by the well-remembered Mr. Mathews' display of it. Chap. 5 gives his admirable antiquarian research on the antiquities of Calais. Chap. 9 says,—"There is not a town in all France which, in my opinion, looks better in the mass, than Montreuil; I own it does not look so well in the book of post-roads; but when you come to see it—to be sure it looks most pitifully. There is one thing however in it at present very handsome; and that is, the innkeeper's daughter." His severe invective against an inn at Abbeville, in chap. 12, feelingly refers to his forebodings on the last great catastrophe, when "the last services of wiping my brow, and smoothing my pillow, the quivering hand of pale affection shall pay me." Chap. 17 eulogizes his magnificent entry, at night, into Paris. In chap. 20 he may well say, "My ink burns my fingers to try:" for he is entering on his celebrated Abbess of Andouillet's visit to the hot baths of Bourbon; and who could have told this tale equal to him? It must have been the recollection of rich passages like this, which caused Mr. Wilks, in some severe political pages of his North Briton, suddenly to break out, on recollecting Mr. Sterne, when he calls him "that amazing comic genius, Tristram Shandy." Gresset in his *Ver Vert* dares go no further than place the two awkward words "des mots effroyables," into the mouth of a parrot. Sterne boldly gives them to the lips of the holy abbess and her novitiate. The poor muleteer is most pleasantly described as "the happiest and most thoughtless of mortal men," when he entered the little inn at the foot of the hill. What a sketch might the late Mr. Leverege have given of him! Chap. 22 marks the thorough contempt which the shrewd crafty old devil of a mule exhibits for the old lady. Chap. 31 discovers his eagerness to be at the *tomb of the lovers*, when he was stopped at the gate by a poor ass with large panniers on his back, eating the stem of an artichoke for his bitter breakfast, with a submissive endurance of sufferings in his looks. He was heavily laden—his legs seemed to tremble under him. As I pulled at his halter, it broke short in my hand—he looked up pensive in my face: "Don't thrash me with it—but if you will, you may." "If I do," said I, "I'll be d—d." Mr. Sterne was again stopped at this gate by the commissary from the post-office, with whom passed some most admirable colloquies, and he soon afterwards perceived that he had lost his remarks from his coat-pocket, and "never did sorry traveller make such a pother and racket about them as I did. Heaven! earth! sea! fire! said I, my remarks are stolen! I must have my remarks—they were the best remarks that ever were made—the wisest—the wittiest—what *shall* I do?" It at last occurred to him that he had left them in the chaise, which he had sold to a chaise-vamper. It is painful thus to cut to pieces and to dislocate these fine pages of Mr. Sterne, but the next chapter brings him to the chaise-vamper's house, when his wife, on taking off the papillottes from her hair, dropped one, which Sterne instantly perceived to be his. It is from this point that we are indebted to the genius of Mr. Leslie for his inimitable print of "The Lost Found," engraved by Rogers, which, with delicacy and felicity, has finely caught the very spirit of Sterne's interview. If there were no other merit in this admired effort than the original countenance and the original wig of Sterne,

these alone would force one to join in the general admiration of this masterly sketch from Sterne's sportive fancy. Chap. 41 thus describes his arriving at the tomb of the lovers:—"I dispatched François to the boat, that I might pay the homage I so long owed it, without a witness of my weakness. When I saw the gate which intercepted the tomb, my heart glowed within me. Tender and faithful spirits! long have I tarried to drop this tear upon your tomb—I come! I come! When I came—there was no tomb to drop it upon." The Nouvelle Description de la France, par Vign. de la Force, thus speaks on this tomb:—"L'an 1707, Mess. du Consulat de Lion, firent demoler un monument ancien et celebre, appellé *le tombeau des deux amans*. L'origine de ce tombeau a fort excité les scavans. M. Brossere déplore, avec raison, que ce monument, après avoir echapé à la fureur des peuples barbares, ait enfin péri par les mains de ceux mêmes qui devoient se faire une espéce de religion de le conserver." This vol. vii. ends with Mr. Sterne's traversing "the rich plains of Languedoc," between Niomes and Lunel, (where there is the best Muscatel wine in all France,) and his joining Nanette, a sun-burnt daughter of labour, and where he heard sung the Gascoigne roundelay of Viva la joia! Fidon la Tristessa! "*Viva la joia* was in her lips—*Viva la joia* was in her eyes—she had stolen her voice from heaven. Just Disposer of our joys and sorrows, cried I, why could not a man sit down in the lap of content here, and dance, and sing, and say his prayers, and go to heaven with this nut-brown maid? Capriciously did she bend her head on one side, and dance up insidious. Then 'tis time to dance off, quoth I."

Vol. viii.—Mr. Sterne ends chap. 5, by saying, "for my own part I am resolved never to read any book but my own as long as I live." From the fascinating chap. 24, Mr. Leslie drew his admirable scene of my uncle and Mrs. Wadman.

Mr. Sterne wrote this eighth volume at Toulouse, "in the glee of his elastic spirits." He resided there from August, until June, 1763. He thus describes his house in his letter to Mr. Foley:—"Well, here we are, my dear friend—and most deliciously placed in an excellent house, well furnished, and elegant beyond anything I looked for. 'Tis built in the form of an hotel, with a pretty court, towards the town, and behind, the best garden in Toulouse, laid out in serpentine walks, and so large, that the company in our quarter usually come to walk in the same, for which they have my consent—the more the merrier. The house consists of a good *salle à mangé* above stairs, joining to a very great *salle à compagnie*, as large as the Baron d' Holbach's, three handsome bed-chambers, with dressing-rooms to them; below stairs, two very good rooms for myself, one to study in, the other to see company. I have, moreover, cellars round the court, with all other offices. Of the same landlord, I have bargained to have the use of a country house which he has two miles out of town, so that myself and all my family have nothing more to do than to take our hats, and remove from the one to the other. My landlord is moreover to keep the gardens in order. And what do you think I am to pay for all this? Neither more nor less than £30 a year—all things are cheap in proportion." Perhaps this large and tranquil garden might have been watered with blood, from the ensanguined slaughtering of our troops when opposed to those of Soult; in which battle, in 1814, the loss of the French was five generals and 3000 privates, and ours was 4650 privates.

Vol. ix.—In chap. 8 he says, "Every letter I trace tells me with what rapidity life follows my pen—every time I kiss thy hand to bid adieu, and every absence which follows it, are preludes to that eternal separation which we are shortly to make." Though his literary reputation was now daily increasing, yet his health was rapidly declining, and a rapid consumption of the lungs caused his death in 1768, about two years after this was written. Chap. 24 contains his first interview with Maria, at Moulins, with his masterly notice of the "feeling heart" of the postillion, who had "something in his face above his condition," and whose history Mr. Sterne wished much to have sifted out. Chap. 31 has the interview with Trim when he is ordered to bring in "a full sheet," and this incomparable scene nearly ends this last volume of this much-famed work, which Sir Walter Scott calls "this wild and capricious offspring of fancy."

What has been said of Goldsmith may well apply to Sterne: "He died in the midst of a triumphant course. Every year that he lived would have added to his reputation." An anonymous writer thus speaks of him:—"To sketch out affecting and masterly pictures, to raise his reader on the very tiptoe of expectation, and at last to defeat ardent curiosity by asterisks and dashes; to tread closely on the borders of impiety and lewdness, without disgusting language; by powers wonderfully and sublimely pathetic to reach at times the inmost recesses of the heart, and, with scarcely a page intervening, to irritate, irresistibly to irritate us by matchless sallies of genuine humour; such strange compound of wit and absurdity, goodness and indecorum, excellence and inanity, delicacy and grossness, —such powers, Yorick, were thine!" A biography of Mr. Sterne in the Penny Magazine, of Nov. 17, 1832, thus concludes:—

"Of all his predecessors, Rabelais is un-

doubtedly the writer who has the best right to be regarded as having been directly imitated by Sterne. There is in both the same whimsicality of thought and allusion, the same intermixture of the most sagacious and profound remarks with the wildest absurdity, as well as the same wit and humour. In both, too, there is the same indelicacy—only far more frequent and reckless in Rabelais, whose satire is also animated in many places by a much more bitter spirit. But in this, or any other parallel which may be drawn to the disadvantage of Sterne's originality, it ought never to be forgotten that his highest attribute remains still all his own—his exquisite pathos. Of this there is nothing whatever, either in Burton, or Arbuthnot, or Rabelais, or any other with whom he has been compared. None of these writers could have produced the stories of the Dead Ass, of Lefevre, of the Monk, or of Maria. Nay, none of them, we may venture to affirm, could have drawn or imagined anything so full of the eccentric and the ludicrous, and yet so mild, so attractive, and, with all its singularity, so true to nature, as the delineation either of my Uncle Toby or of Corporal Trim; though perhaps Cervantes might."

We may say now, in his own words, "Ten times in a day has Yorick's ghost the consolation to hear his monumental inscription read over with such a variety of plaintive tones as denote a general pity and esteem for him; a footway crossing the church-yard close by the side of his grave, not a passenger goes by without stopping to cast a look upon it, and sighing as he walks on, *Alas, poor Yorick!*" N.

SONG—TO MISS L. S.

FLEET as the deer on his heath-cover'd mountain,
Light as the wave on the storm-ruffled sea,
Pure as the stream from the dark, gushing fountain,
My soul bounds to rapture, and thee, my love, thee.

Though fate from its idol this fond heart may banish,
Through deserts, o'er waves, though life's journey may be,
Each danger will fly, and each sorrow will vanish,
When thought turns to memory, and thee, my love, thee.

Has nature but lavished her treasures, to cover
A heart like a zephyr, light, roving, and free?
Shall those soul-beaming eyes beam on all but thy lover,
Whose wishes are centred in thee, my love, thee?

Unlit by the sun, the young floweret seems faded,
But beamed on again, all its beauty we see;
And by sorrow's dark cloud shall affection be shaded,
Till chased by the sunshine of thee, my love, thee.

D.

IMAGINATION.

WE may be enabled to foresee the occurrence of an event, by judgment formed on thought; we may draw a correct inference respecting a matter, by comparisons between existing circumstances; we may prophesy an epoch by possessing a more acute observation than others upon things past—thus foretelling a thing to come; but none of this is the effect of imagination, because arising from abstract judgment. Imagination, in its least beneficial form, is the mind building an image, but, wanting judgment to attend the operation, forms either an exaggerated shape, or falls below the standard of reality. Thus the imaginative person expecting a pleasure, pictures it possessed of so much beauty, or capable of yielding so great an extent of gratification, that he surfeits in idea, and when the event arrives, he is unfitted to enjoy it, his previous feast having appeased his appetite. Instead of attempting to correct his fault he construes his disappointment into a taste more refined than is ordinarily met with, and that he is not so easily gratified, or so soon elated, as the common herd: his latter error is caused by vanity, his former mistake is one of the effects of untempered imagination. This, however, is an illustration only of its baneful results; but imagination would not form one of the qualities of the mind, were it not placed there for our good. Mankind without imagination would become a cold, unsocial, ungenial race, shewing no kindness, because we could not *imagine* the effects of goodness—feeling no sympathy, because experience of it would not be understood by *imagining* its beauty—caring for none, because ignorant of the qualities of those we would love; for though a knowledge of them might tell us what they possessed, yet our knowledge is so limited, we could not give credit for more virtues than meet the eye, were it not for imagination lending her aid, and, by creating the supposition (that is, the *imagining*) of more, instituting a search; and though not finding them often causes disappointment, yet it gives us an opportunity of appreciating those we do find, and allows the kind heart to *imagine* more.

Where would be the chief beauty of poetry, vibrating a chord congenial to the birth of soul, and so shewing and proving its existence? where the exquisite loveliness of fancy, arising from genius, which tends to soothe the mind by elevating it from its grosser materials? where the effect of harmony softening our nature, and giving us the *image* of joyous hours past, and renewing the pleasure by the recurrence of the happiness in idea?—where all this, but for the effects of imagination. Imagination, like every quality our mind or body pos-

sesses, when used in the way our Maker intended, is given for an object kind as it is great, and perfect in the execution as magnificent in the design.

NEW SUSPENSION BRIDGE, REGENT'S PARK.

The recent improvements in the parks and other places of public resort must be gratifying, not only to the inhabitants of the metropolis, but to those who take an interest in the sanatory regulations of the first city of the empire. A most marked change has taken place in the value of human life within the metropolitan districts. The expectation of life in London, at the present time, is much greater than it was in the most healthy classes in the country forty years ago. This increased power of vitality has arisen from many circumstances: the improved domestic arrangements of families; the more temperate and regular habits of life; better ideas of cleanliness, and superior comforts of clothing and dress; extended and advancing sanatory laws, and the grand recreative facilities of our public parks. To this latter circumstance, no doubt, much of the improvement which has been observable in the life of the humbler classes of the metropolis must be attributed. The best index to the progressing civilization of a people will be found in the laws of mortality. Invariably, as education becomes general, as provident habits are generated, and the necessaries of life are more at command, will the duration of human existence be prolonged; but in all cases where the laws of a country are oppressive and tyrannical, are the habits of frugality and forethought suppressed, and the principle of vitality insomuch weakened, and consequently the value of life diminished. Intelligent governments will always find it their interest to promote the sanatory regulations of its towns and great cities. Many people are very apt to suppose the laws of public health of easy management and ready control; but a very cursory and superficial survey of the subject will at once point out the numerous difficulties connected with it, and shew, that to develop a system free from objections must be the work of long experience and laborious application. The construction and ventilation of houses; the formation of streets; the sewers and drainage of all thoroughfares; the proper introduction of squares and other large areas and open spaces, and the laying out of large parks and public gardens; are matters of the highest importance to a legislature. London can claim a noble distinction in this respect among the great cities of Europe: its grand parks are the admiration of strangers; for not only do they serve the primary objects of ventilating the city, purifying its atmosphere, and forming great theatres of recreation to its inhabitants, but the stately structures and princely mansions which adorn and beautify these great lungs of the public body are eminently calculated to cultivate the taste of the people, by familiarizing their minds with good practical

designs of art. The annexed engraving is a representation of the new Suspension Bridge in Regent's Park; the design is neat and elegant, and, considering its character, possessing some merit beyond many structures of greater pretensions. It is cast over that part of the piece of ornamental water which is opposite to Hanover Gate, and near to the Marquis of Hertford's villa, a representation of which appears in the background of the engraving. Mr. Holford's house is situated between the bridge and the Regent's canal, while the botanical gardens of the new society are on the opposite side of the ornamental water from the Suspension Bridge. We are satisfied that the present erection will not only add to the completeness and beauty of that portion of Regent's Park, but also afford the public great facilities in passing from that corner of it through the recently opened grounds to the Zoological Gardens.

Le Feuilleton:

OR, THE SPIRIT OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE TWO FRIENDS OF THE PYRENEES.

Among the various roads in the Pyrenees, there is one which begins opposite to the Grande Cascade of Gavarnie, and leads to the wall of Marboré; but owing to its almost impracticable nature, it is seldom traversed, except by the daring traveller, the shepherd, or the highwayman; to all of whom it is truly perilous. Huge rocks, almost perpendicular, and blocks of ice covered with snow, are ever presenting themselves; and if the traveller possess not presence of mind and great activity, destruction is almost inevitable.

After gaining the summit of the mountains, and pursuing our way along a huge ridge of rocks, we come to the pasturages of Malhada de Serrades, where, here and there, a shepherd sheltered under the rocks may be seen watching his scattered flock, and, without stirring, calling to his dog to restrain the capricious wanderings of the goats.

In this place, Jean, the orphan shepherd boy, had almost lived from a child, and had rarely descended from his inclement abode. The hollow of a rock was his resting-place, and, happy and contented, after the day's fatigue, he retired to his bed of moss, with his two huge dogs, like guardian angels, watching over him. Previous to Jean, several had attempted to endure this rough calling, and, from its hardships, were forced to give it up; but to sleep upon a hard bed, to struggle with privations, to endure cold, watch his flock, and defend himself against wolves, was looked upon as an amusement by the robust shepherd. With no other arms than a cudgel, he had several times combated and overcome the brigand; and rarely did he visit St. Sauveur, without carrying with him the skin of some ferocious animal.

One very cold day, when the north-east wind was blowing heavily, Jean, to avoid the blast, took shelter in his cave; but finding that the cold pierced his hands and feet, he crept into bed, and covering himself, tried to sleep. The torrents, which were roaring beneath his pillow, thwarted all his endeavours, and he lay awake, listening attentively to the fury of the storm. The goats, for warmth, drew closer and closer to each other, and the dogs, partly screened from the blast by their shaggy coats, came and went, leaving the impression of their feet upon the snow, which had began to fall. Suddenly one of the dogs pricked up his ears, ran towards the extremity of the plain, and shortly afterwards, howling and barking, then a mournful cry, are heard. Jean, knowing well what was the cause of the noise, rose, seized his stick, and hurried to the assistance of the dog, which, on his arrival, was fighting with an enormous she-wolf. The hair of the latter bristled up, its mouth was besmeared with blood, and it stood with its back to a rock, defending itself bravely against its formidable enemy. On turning round, Jean perceived a cub, which had been previously hurt by the dog, lying stretched on the grass; and by a skilful movement, seized hold of the animal, which vainly attempted to bite him. The poor affrighted mother ran to the assistance of its little one; but that act of devotedness was fatal to her, for the dog from behind threw itself upon her, and with a desperate *coup de gueule* broke her back, and then strangled her. Jean returned to his cave with the cub in his arms, while the dog followed, drawing after it the carcass of its fallen victim.

Jean examined the cub, and found that it had received a severe wound in the leg, which rendered all its efforts to escape futile, and, like almost all other young animals similarly situated, soon resigned itself to its fate. The shepherd several times asked himself, whether he should take the little ferocious beast by the hind legs, and dash its brains out against a rock; but, whether it was fancy or pity, sentiments of a less cruel nature influenced him; he sat down upon his bed, dressed as well as he could the wound of the young wolf, and fell asleep with it in his arms.

For several weeks, the cub remained ill and languishing, and would only touch with its lips the milk which Jean procured for it; but ultimately its appetite increased, and it began to eat the morsels of meat offered to it. At last, it rose, walked, and

shewed considerable vivacity; and Jean, fearing that it might attack him unawares, tied it at the bottom of the cave; but on seeing the poor animal look sorrowful, he immediately loosed it; when the wolf testified its joy by leaping round the place, licking the hands of the shepherd, then approaching the two huge dogs, fearlessly walked round them. After the lapse of a few days, the dogs and the wolf lived peaceably together, each striving to gain the affection of their master. If Jean at times sat musing, and did not pay any attention to the wolf, the latter became restless, murmured plaintively, and pushed with its head the hand of its master; but when he caressed the shaggy coat of Pièrrot, (the name which the shepherd gave it,) the poor animal, with a movement of joy, shook its limbs, and looking wistfully in its master's face, expressed in the most passionate manner its unbounded happiness.

The herd and the wolf lived thus for two years, without quitting the mountains, at the expiration of which time, an uncle that Jean had in Paris, who had amassed a considerable deal of money, wrote to the young man to come and live with him. Jean felt like Gangantua, at the death of his wife Caudebec, sad and joyful; he did not know whether it would be better for him to leave his flock or to remain with them.

Whilst his uncle's letter was being read, and the money shewn to him which had been sent to defray the expense of the journey, he looked with sorrow at his wolf, then at his dogs; and as the tear started to his eye, and rolled down his cheek, he went to embrace them. The poor animals looked at him with surprise and sadness, without understanding what was going on, yet seemingly alive to the afflictions of their master.

When Jean had taken a painful adieu of the two dogs, he recommended them to the shepherd who succeeded him, called Pièrrot, and set out on his journey. The dogs looked after him with uneasiness, and when they saw him descend the ravine, they ran to join him. Jean looked at them affectionately, the tears streaming down his cheeks.

"If you were mine, poor things," he said, "I would not leave you thus; we should all set out together; but you belong to my late master; Pièrrot alone is mine. Farewell, perhaps, for ever."

He again kissed them, and made a sign for them to join the troop, which they reluctantly obeyed.

"Come, Pièrrot, to the road," the shepherd said, and the wolf, which seemed to know the desire of its master, leaped gaily before him.

It is useless to state, that the idea of going by the diligence or any other conveyance never once struck Jean. Like hardy mountaineers, Pièrrot and his master, accustomed to look upon fatigue as a pleasure, travelled cheerfully along. When night came on, they either entered some poor *auberge*, or asked permission of a farmer to lie in his barn or outhouse, which, to them was a luxury. Pièrrot, extending himself on the ground, served as a pillow for his master, and both slept profoundly till the break of day, when they again resumed their journey; no one ever suspecting that the companion of the shepherd was a wolf.

After travelling about a month, they at last reached Paris, and were not long in finding out the Rue de Cinq Diamans, where the shepherd's uncle resided.

"Ah! Jean," the old man said, after having embraced his nephew, "and what do you intend to do with that enormous dog. You see we have but three small rooms, and therefore have no place for that young ass of yours; besides, I am sure it will eat two pounds of bread a day."

"The young ass," Jean replied, "would eat two pounds of bread, with two pounds of meat to it. But I will give it the half of mine. It is not a dog, uncle, it is a wolf."

"A wolf!" the old man replied, starting back in terror; "you have brought a wolf to my house!"

Jean, embracing Pièrrot, said, "Oh, there's nothing to fear, uncle; he is as mild as a lamb."

"With you, perhaps; but he may be otherwise with those he does not know." Then, after pausing a minute, the uncle continued, "No, no; I will allow no wolf to stop in my house. The Jardins des Plantes is the place for it, Jean; come, let us go there immediately."

After much coaxing, Jean at last consented, and with a heavy heart he, accompanied by his uncle and his faithful companion, directed his steps to the lodgings of M. Frederic Cuvier, the celebrated naturalist, who, on seeing the wolf, expressed his joy, and said, that he had never seen one so strong or of such a size.

Pièrrot was then conducted to one of the cages in the gallery which is set apart for wild beasts. When Jean saw the prison destined for his friend, he began to shed tears, while Pièrrot looked inquiringly in his master's face.

"It must be so, my friend; it must be so," the shepherd said, sorrowfully; then making a sign to the wolf, it leaped into the cage. No sooner was the door shut upon the prisoner than the poor animal howled, and gnawed the bars of his cage; but his rage was appeased by a word from his master.

"You must be quiet, Pièrrot," Jean said. "Be good, and I will come to see you again."

The following Sunday, Jean went to see

his faithful wolf, which had not tasted food during his absence, and was lying half-dead at the bottom of his cage. At the sound of his master's footsteps he raised his head languidly, moved towards the front of the cage, moaned and cried, and shewed so much affection for his master, that the keepers could not help being moved at it. Jean obtained permission to enter, where he sat down with Pièrrot's head on his knee. He gave it some food, and after it had taken a little, it began to caress him; and when they were separated, the two friends were again plunged into the most bitter grief. Jean, on returning home, became ill, which, though at first trifling, was soon aggravated by want of air and exercise.

The old gentleman and his wife did not think that there was anything seriously the matter, for Jean continued to work as usual. One morning, however, he could not leave his room. A doctor was sent for, who said that it was a violent attack of fever, and deemed it advisable to send him to the Hôtel-Dieu, where he was confined for eighteen months. At length, his youth and strong constitution triumphed over his disease, and Jean began to look forward with pleasure to his speedy recovery. After leaving the hospital, his first visit was to the Jardin des Plantes, to see Pièrrot.

The wolf by degrees had become reconciled to its imprisonment, and had formed an attachment for its keepers. All imagined that it had forgotten its first affection, until one day, when, hearing a voice pronounce the word Pièrrot, they heard it howl with joy, and saw it gambol, jump, caper; ceasing not till once it perceived Jean. At first the two friends embraced each other through the gratings; but on being permitted to enter the cage, it is impossible to describe their joy and delight.

Alas! they were again obliged to part. For several months Pièrrot was quiet and taciturn, looking vainly among the crowd to discover Jean. The poor shepherd was forced to go back to the country; and before doing so, he left no efforts untried to possess again his faithful companion. How often in traversing his cherished mountains, watching, as formerly, his flock, have his eyes filled with tears at the remembrance of Pièrrot! how often did he curse the day that he undertook the fatal journey to Paris, where he had suffered so much, and which had cost him his best and only friend!

After the lapse of three years, Jean returned to Paris to claim the property of his uncle and aunt, who lost their lives by the upsetting of a carriage. His first visit was to the notary, who told him that he was the owner of fifteen thousand francs; and his second to the Jardin des Plantes. It was evening; and on arriving, he was told that the wolf, after having mourned his absence for several months, was at last consoled. He was then taken to the menagerie, the windows of which were shut, and all was dark.

"The eyes of the wolf," says M. Frederic Cuvier, in his *Histoire des Animaux*, "immediately brightened up, and he evinced, by leaping and gambolling, his extreme joy. He caressed his old master as formerly, and, on being separated again, testified his grief. For days he would not touch food, and remained inconsolable for several months; and for some time we were afraid that we should lose him; but his health was at last re-established, and he again permitted his keepers to approach but would not allow any other person to caress him."

Jean returned to the mountains, where he got married; and, beside his wife, surrounded by his children, he often passes the long evening by telling them anecdotes relating to his faithful Pièrrot. He does not know, however, that the wolf has sunk under the *ennui* of captivity, and that at this hour it is stuffed, and figures in the gallery of natural history, with the Latin inscription upon the wood that supports it—"Canis lycaon. Black wolf of Europe."*

LA BRUYERE.

Jean de la Bruyere was born at Dourdan,† about twenty-five miles S. W. of Paris, in the year 1639. He endeavoured to procure the situation of treasurer of France at Caen, when Bossuet made him come to Paris, to enter the service of M. le Duc Louis de Bourbon,‡ in the capacity of preceptor of history, in which he remained till the close of his life, with a a pension of 1000 crowns. He published his book, "Les Caracteres," in 1687; was received into the French Academy in 1693, and died in 1696.

The Abbé d'Olivet thus describes the manner of his decease:—"Four days previously, he was at Paris in the company of his friends, among whom was myself, when on a sudden he perceived that he had become deaf—completely deaf. He returned to Versailles, where he resided at the Hôtel de Condé, and a fit of apoplexy carried him off in a quarter of an hour, being only fifty-two years of age.

Such is all we can learn of the history of this able writer, to whom we are indebted for one of the best works in any language;

* This little story, true in all its details, shews that the wolf is susceptible, when brought into social contact with man, of being tamed, as well as other ferocious animals. (*Musée des Familles.*)

† Others say at a village near Dourdan.

‡ Grandson of the great Condé, and father of Louis XV.; he died in 1710. Some biographers declare, that the scholar of La Bruyère was the Duc de Bourgogne, but they are in error.

a work which, from the success it has met with from its production, well merited translation into our own language.

Nothing is known of the family of La Bruyère, if we except that he was descended from a famous leaguer of the same name, who, at the time of the barricading of Paris, held the rank of civil lieutenant: this, however, may be of little consequence, though one would like to know what was his character, his mode of life, and the turn of his mind in society.

Perhaps the very obscurity of his life betokens the greatness of his character. He resided in the mansion of a prince; he raised about him a crowd of men at once vicious and ridiculous, whose characters he depicted in his book, or they thought themselves there depicted;* he was followed by enemies who indulged in satire, and those that hang on prosperity, yet was he never mixed up in any intrigue, or engaged in any quarrel; which would lead one to suppose that he was a man endowed with an excellent and noble spirit, and trod in a wise and a virtuous path.

"He has been portrayed to me," says the Abbé d'Olivet, "as a philosopher, whose only wish was to live tranquilly among his friends and his books, making a good selection of both; neither seeking nor shunning pleasure; always disposed towards a modest and quiet enjoyment, and ingenious in giving rise to that enjoyment; polished in his manners, and wise in his discourse; fearing all kinds of ambition, even that of greatness of mind." (*Hist. de l'Acad. Françoise.*)

He was held in great estimation by the famous Boileau, who wrote the following under his portrait:—

"Tout esprit orgueilleux qui s'aime,
Par mes leçons se voit guéri,
Et dans ce livre si chéri
Apprends à se haïr lui-même.

We can easily conceive that the philosopher who had drawn the vices of men with so much ingenuity and sagacity knew too well the character of men to seek their society much. He liked society without being abandoned to it.

His book "Les Caractères" has made a great stir since its production, which was at the time attributed to its satire, or rather the satire people fancied they remarked in it; it has been reprinted a hundred times, and his enemies satirically say, has been translated into every tongue, but one of his admirers denies that the work has been translated into any language; it has produced a crowd of copyists. In his work is portrayed man, not as a painter marks out a portrait, copying servilely objects and forms, but as a painter of history, who chooses and collects different models, from which he imitates only character and effect.

La Bruyère may be considered as a moralist and a writer. As a moralist, he seems less remarkable by his profoundness than by his sagacity. Montaigne, studying man by himself, has penetrated deeper into the essential principles of human nature. Rochefoucauld has represented man under a more general affinity, in relation to a single principle the origin of all human actions. La Bruyère has attached himself principally to the differences that the attack of human passions, habits, and professions, establish in the manners and conduct of man. Montaigne and La Rochefoucauld have portrayed man at all times and in all places; La Bruyère has painted the courtezan, the beau, the financier, the citizen, of the age of Louis XIV.

It may be said, that his mind did not embrace a wide and vast scope, and that his imagination was gifted with more penetration than comprehensiveness. He sought too much to characterize *individuals*, even when writing on the greatest subjects. Thus, in his chapter, entitled "Of the Monarchy or the Republic," (amongst some general reflections on the principles and vices of the government, he portrays at once the court and the town, the negotiator and the newsmonger,) we expect to find recapitulated the history of ancient republics and modern monarchies, but how astonished are we to find at the end of the chapter that we have not gone beyond the precincts of Versailles.

It is not only by the novelty and the variety of movements and turns that the talent of La Bruyère evinces itself, but also by the choice of lovely, figurative, and picturesque expressions; more especially by his happy union of words. "Every good writer is a good painter," said he; and he proved it in every part of his book. Everything lived and had animation under his pen. Notwithstanding the great merit of this able writer, he had great trouble to gain admission into the French Academy, after having published his characters; he was opposed by men of letters whom he had offended, and the clamours of that crowd of unfortunate persons who are at all times jealous of great talent and merited success; but La Bruyère had on his side Bossuet, Racine, Despreaux, and the public voice;—he was received. His discourse was one of the most able that had been delivered in that Academy. He was the first who praised the living academicians, which even his enemies affected to regard as satire. The public journals teemed with epigrams and songs, but which have fallen into the oblivion they merit. It was for this celebrated author that the following

* M. de Malezieux, to whom he shewed his book before publishing, told him, "that it would attract many readers, and make many enemies."

couplet was made, and which has been applied to so many academicians on their admission as members :—

Quand la Bruyère se presente,
Pourquoi faut-il crier haro ?
Pour faire un nombre de quarante,
Ne falloit-il pas un zéro ? *

J. E. A.

Miscellaneous.

NEWSPAPERS.

A PAPER was read at a late meeting of the Statistical Society, entitled "Statistics of Newspapers in various Countries," by Mr. P. L. Simmonds.

In 1696 there were but nine newspapers published in London, all of them at weekly intervals. In 1709 the number had increased to eighteen, of which one was published daily. In 1724 there were three daily, six weekly, seven three times a week, three halfpenny posts, and the London Gazette, twice a week. In 1792, thirteen daily, and twenty semi-weekly and weekly papers. In 1836, when the stamp duty was 4d., the total number of stamps issued for the United Kingdom was 35,576,056. In 1839, 58,516,802. The consumption of stamps has therefore increased sixty-four per cent. since the reduction of the duty. The oldest existing London papers are, the English Chronicle, or Whitehall Evening Post, which was started in 1747; the St. James's Chronicle, 1761; and the Morning Chronicle, 1769. The oldest existing provincial papers are, the Lincoln Mercury, published at Stamford, 1695; the Ipswich Journal, 1737; Bath Journal, 1742; Birmingham Gazette, 1741; Chester Courant, 1733; Derby Mercury, 1742. The oldest paper in Ireland is the Belfast News Letter, which was commenced in 1737. In Scotland, the Edinburgh Evening Courant is the oldest paper, having been first published in 1705. Newspapers are printed in every county in England, with one exception — Rutland. In Wales, there are six counties in which papers are not published—viz., Anglesea, Cardigan, Denbigh, Montgomery, Pembroke, and Radnor. In Scotland, there are sixteen out of the thirty-two counties; and in Ireland only seven out of the thirty-three counties. In England there are no daily papers published out of London. There are four papers published in Guernsey, nine in Jersey, and five in the Isle of Man —all unstamped.

So far back as 1605, under Henry IV., a journal, called the Mercure de France, appeared regularly in Paris, and was published by Richen, Brothers, booksellers, till 1635, when Dr. Renaudot took it up, and carried it on till 1644. It was continued by Messrs. Freselier and La Briere till 1672, when it was called the Mercure Galant, which name it retained until 1710, when it assumed the name of the Garde Meuble du Parnasse. In 1714 it resumed its old name of Mercure de France; and in 1716 took that of Nouveau Mercure; but in 1721 resumed once more its original appellation, and retained it till the Revolution. It forms a collection of nearly 1000 volumes. The total number of journals and periodicals in Paris, in 1779, was thirty-five. The number published immediately before the Revolution was 169, of which seventeen were political, and 152 of a literary, scientific, or religious character. The number of provincial journals at that date was between seventy and eighty. Paris has now upwards of twenty-seven daily papers, the average sale of which exceeds 90,000 copies per diem, while London has only nine daily papers, with a sale of about 45,000 per diem. The total number of periodical journals published in France in 1837, was 776, of which 326 belonged to Paris.

The first journal published in the United States was the Boston News Letter, which appeared in 1704. No sufficient data exist for computing, with any degree of accuracy, the number of copies of newspapers at present annually circulated in the United States; but it probably does not fall far short of 100,000,000. [The total number of papers issued in Great Britain and Ireland, in 1837, was only 47,248,000.] The weekly issues of the British press of Lower Canada are 29,000; those of the French press, 8,000. In Upper Canada there are twenty-eight newspapers published weekly, in Newfoundland nine, Bermuda two, and the same number in the Bahamas. Printing was introduced into Nova Scotia twenty-four years before it was commenced in Canada: the first paper was printed in 1751, on a half sheet of foolscap paper, under the title of the Halifax Gazette. The number now issued at Halifax is twelve, and there are three in the country parts of the province. There are four newspapers published in British Guiana; two in French Guiana, one or two at Bahia, eight at Rio Janeiro, eight at Buenos Ayres, one of which, a weekly paper, is in English. There are nine in Jamaica. At Barbadoes, four semi-weekly, one tri-weekly, and one weekly newspaper. Two of these have been established by the coloured population as their special organs, and are supported and conducted entirely by this class.

In Germany, newspapers originated in the "Relations," as they were termed,

* Among his papers was found a MS. entitled "*Dialogues sur la Quolibets*," which, however, though perhaps well written, is scarcely worthy of him. There were seven of them; to which M. Dupin, doctor of Sorbonne, added two; the whole were published in 1699.

which sprung up at Augsburg and Vienna, in 1524, and which appeared in the newspaper in numbered sheets, was printed in 1612. The journals published in Austria in 1838, literary and political, amounted to seventy-six, of which twenty-two appeared at Vienna, twenty-five at Milan, ten in Lombardy, seven at Venice, five at Verona, and seven in Gallicia and Hungary. In the kingdom of Hanover there were, in 1840, only four political journals. In the Netherlands, in 1826, there were in the Dutch language eighty daily and weekly papers, and several in French. In Belgium, in 1840, seventy-five journals were published; of these fifty-five were in French, and eighteen in Flemish. In Prussia, 168 were published in 1834. In Switzerland, twenty-four weekly, in 1825; of which nine were conducted by catholic editors, and fifteen by protestants. In 1817, there were in all Switzerland no more than fifty-four printing offices, and sixteen periodical journals; and in 1834 there were ninety-three of the former, and fifty-four of the latter.

The total number of journals published in Russia, in 1839, was 154. The Gazette of St. Petersburg circulates 6,000 daily. The first journal printed in Denmark was in 1664. At present there are about fifty-four daily and weekly publications, more than half of which are published in Copenhagen, and there are about thirty monthly and other periodical works, the greater part of which are published in the capital. The supply of newspapers in Norway is abundant, as the press in that country is perfectly free, and no tax of any kind is levied on it. Christiania alone has eight journals. In 1832 there were about fifty newspapers published in the whole of Sweden, one literary journal, and several magazines. In Sweden the press is under a very strict censorship. In 1839 there were thirteen publications in Finland, nine in Swedish, and four in the Finnish language.

The earliest Spanish newspaper was published about the commencement of the eighteenth century. In 1800 only two political newspapers were published; and but a few years ago, only twelve newspapers for a population of 12,000,000. There are about twenty newspapers and daily journals in Portugal, and one at the Azores. The whole number of journals in Italy exceeds 200. Few of the existing papers date back further than the commencement of the present century. The Greeks publish nine—four in Athens, one at Napoli, two at Hydra, and two at Missolonghi. The government Gazette of Corfu is the only journal published in the Ionian Islands. There are about a dozen periodicals at Malta, most of them weekly. At Gibraltar, a government paper, of a very diminutive size, is published daily. The journals published at Constantinople, in January, 1841, were, the Tagrim Vakai, a government paper, and the Djerédéi Havadis, in vulgar Turkish, containing general information. In the whole extent of Africa there are fourteen journals. One has appeared at Algiers regularly since its possession by the French in 1830—two are published on the western coast, at the American colony of Liberia. There are eleven political newspapers at the Cape of Good Hope, half of which are printed in English, and half in Dutch. An official Gazette was established in Persia, in 1838. It is lithographed. In Calcutta there are six English daily papers, three tri-weekly, eight weekly, and nine Hindustanee weekly. At Bombay there are ten English periodicals issued semi-weekly, and four Hindustanee publications. Two weekly English papers were published at Canton, but are now removed to Macao. At Sydney there are eight newspapers. At Melbourne, three papers published twice a week, and one weekly at Geelong; in South Australia, four—one semi-weekly at Adelaide, and the others weekly. Swan River has two weekly. Van Diemen's Land, thirteen weekly papers. Materials for printing a newspaper were sent out to New Zealand with the first settlers; the first number of the New Zealand Gazette having been printed in London before their departure. The second number appeared at Port Nicholson in 1840; and a rival paper was forthwith established under the title of the New Zealand Advertiser, at Kororakilla, Bay of Islands. The Sandwich Islands have now their regular newspaper, the Polynesian, formerly called the Sandwich Island Gazette, having been published at Honolulu for upwards of three years.

MORAL TREATMENT OF DISEASE.

Dr. Armstrong, who knew well the importance of attending to the mind of the patient, said to Dr. Boot a few hours before he died—"Boot, remember to be always cheerful in your intercourse with the sick: it takes a load from the heart, and infuses into it hope and confidence." Dr. Nichols, in his "De Anima Medica," says, that whatever a man's distemper was, he would not attend him as a physician if his mind was not at ease, for he believed no medicine would have any influence under these circumstances. He once attended a man in trade, upon whom he found none of the medicine he prescribed had any effect. He asked the wife privately whether her husband had not been exposed to some losses in trade? She said, "No." He continued to attend him, but no impression could be made on his malady. At length the man's wife told the physician that she had disco-

vered accidentally that her husband's mind was much troubled by his pecuniary difficulties. When Dr. Goldsmith was dying, Dr. Turton said to the poet, "Your pulse is in greater disorder than it should be; is your mind at ease?" Goldsmith replied that it was not; and he feared that his death had been accelerated thereby. Much of our success in practice will depend upon placing about patients persons of cheerful and lively dispositions. How often have our best directed efforts proved abortive, owing to the mind of the invalid being depressed by the looks and conversation of those in attendance. It is the sacred duty of those associated with the sick to co-operate with the physician, by encouraging the hopes of the patient, and inspiring confidence in the means used to promote recovery.

WHAT GOOD HAS CHRISTIANITY DONE?

Let us look to the lowliest village church in this happy land; to the humblest pastor, and the simplest flock. Let us remember, as we see them pouring forth from its humble portal, what words have been on all lips, what thoughts in many hearts; what thoughts of majesty and holiness, what love, what reliance, what confidence; and then, if we are not faithless to the dignity of that soul which, though deteriorated, still retains the stamp of its Maker, let us believe, if we can, that no good has been effected, no passion softened and checked, no desire for the graces of a Christian temper implanted. Let this sight be compared, not with the population that collected, like our barbarous forefathers, or like the savages of modern days, to perform their bloody worship in the sight of the bright sun or shining stars of heaven, but with the population which poured forth from the lofty portals of some splendid temple of the polished Athens, to join in the iniquities of a Bacchanalian procession; or with that which, at this very time, assembles in the distant realms of Hindostan, sometimes for deeds of cruelty and death, sometimes for services so revolting, that the very Brahmin of better mind hides his face for shame, and sheds the burning tear of anguish over the infamy of that religion of which he is the minister;—let this comparison be simply made, and then let it be asked, what has Christianity done?—*Rev. Hugh J. Rose.*

NEW PROCESS FOR THE PREVENTION OF EXPLOSION OF FIRE-DAMP.

It has been found by experience that Sir H. Davy's safety-lamp, though in many respects an invaluable discovery, has failed in proving a preventive to the explosion of fire-damp in coal-pits; and the frequent recurrence of accidents in the mining districts evince the melancholy truth, that the precautions hitherto devised are incomplete. I venture, therefore, to propose a process for abating an evil so fatal to human life, which is at least worthy of trial. It is well-known that fire-damp explodes on ignition by an electric spark; and on this principle it is proposed, that an experiment be made with an apparatus consisting of Professor Daniell's voltaic battery and electrical wires, for the purpose of firing the gallery of a mine charged with an explosive mixture. By means of this ingenious and scientific contrivance, an explosion of fire-damp can at all times be effected with perfect safety, whenever the gas is evolved in sufficient quantities to generate the destructive element; and as the wires can be conveyed to the remotest chamber of the mine at a trifling cost, the experiment may be repeated with great facility by the aid of a powerful battery, in a place where it indicates its appearance, or creates a suspicion of danger. The actual presence, quantity, and position of the fire-damp, can always be ascertained with precision and certainty through the agency of the safety lamp; but care must be taken that the carbonic acid and azote remaining in the mine after the inflammation be got rid of, either by decomposition, absorption, or ventilation, before the workmen resume their labours. This formidable and treacherous enemy will thus be effectually and instantaneously annihilated, that otherwise could be but slowly, partially, and progressively consumed, combined with the advantage that the health of the miners will cease to be impaired from respiration in a foul atmosphere.—*Correspondent of the Mining Journal.*

The Gatherer.

The study of Geometry among the Egyptians owed its origin to necessity; for the river Nile being swelled with the showers falling in Ethiopia, and thence annually overflowing the country of Egypt, and by its violence overturning all the marks they had to distinguish their lands, made it necessary for them, upon every abatement of the flood, to survey their lands, to find out every one his own by the quantity of the ground upon the survey; the necessity of which put them upon a more diligent inquiry into that study, that thereby they might attain to some exactness in that, which was to be of such necessary, constant, and perpetual use. Thence we find the invention of Geometry particularly attributed

by Herodotus, Diodorus, Strabo, and others, to the Egyptians.—*Stillingfleet's Origines Sacræ.*

Eastern method of measuring Time.—The people of the East measure time by the length of their shadow. Hence, if you ask a man what o'clock it is, he immediately goes into the sun, stands erect, then looking where his shadow terminates, he measures his length with his feet, and tells you nearly the time. Thus the workmen earnestly desire the shadow which indicates the time for leaving their work. A person wishing to leave his toil, says, "How long my shadow is in coming!" "Why did you not come sooner?" "Because I waited for my shadow." In the 7th chapter of Job we find it written, "As a servant earnestly desireth his shadow."—*Roberts's Illustrations.*

Americanism. — A contemporary says, that trancendentalism is the spiritual cognoscence of psychological irrefragibility. connected with concutient ademption of incolumnient spiritually and etherealized contention of subsultory concretion.

Bancroft, the American historian, computes that 180,000 Indians are all that remain east of the Missisippi of the numerous tribes who formerly possessed that immense range of country. Ardent spirits, the small pox, famine, and the rifle, have destroyed the rest.

"Why do you not thank God," said Mansure to an Arab, "that since I have been your ruler you have never been afflicted with the plague?" "God is too just to send two scourges upon us at once," was the reply; but it cost the bold speaker his life.

A Thought.—If memory, instead of softening all the traces, gave us back the original lines of life in their native harshness, who could live on to old age?—for the catalogue of broken hopes, and disappointed wishes, and pleasures snatched from us never to return, would be more than any human mind could bear. It would harden the heart to marble, or break it in its youth. It is happy, too, that in early years our mind has greater power of resistance, for the novelty of sorrow gives it a double sting.

Bitters as a Stomachic.—The habit of taking bitters for the provocation of appetite is on the whole a bad one, unless it be medicinally, in which case the practice must be tempered by prudence; for, although bitters are of themselves wholesome when judicious use is made of them, they frequently produce fever in delicate constitutions, and check the insensible perspiration which is necessary for health. In England many of those who take bitters do but make them an excuse for dram drinking, and imagine that the addition of an infusion of bitters, made also with spirit, corrects the dangerous properties of the spirit with which this infusion is mixed. Bitter orange-peel forms the basis of the bitters sold by publicans, and is a fine stomachic; but the drinking spirits with it, unless in very small quantity, and diluted with water, is injurious.—*Merle's Domestic Dictionary.*

Christianity in China.—The Institute of Missions in Berlin has received tidings of the celebrated German missionary, Gutzlaff, dated from Pekin, the 20th of November last. At that period he was aided in his apostolic labours by seventeen Chinese (to whom six others were shortly to be added), who, having learned Christianity from him, and embraced its tenets, were serving their noviciate as missionaries; two of his pupils, of Japan origin, were teaching Christianity to their countrymen and to the Chinese at Macao; and his two nieces, resident also in the latter place, had converted upwards of 140 Chinese women, all belonging to the higher classes. Herr Gutzlaff has addressed to the Missionaries' Institute thirty-eight volumes in the Chinese tongue, containing works relating to the Christian worship, printed at Pekin, Canton, and other cities of China; and the Royal Library of Berlin has received from him manuscript copies of nine very rare Chinese works, giving the description of a great number of monuments anciently existing in the celestial empire, but of which few or no traces now remain.

God has made the whole earth vocal with sweet sounds: the untravelled forest echoes the notes of the wild bird, and the habitations of men are made glad by the song of the feathered minstrel; but above all, the human voice, that combines the highest charm of sweet sound with the inspiration of thought, is given for no ordinary purpose of earthly pleasure—in its whisper of affection, how grateful! In its expression of religious devotion, how exalted! For its solace in trouble, how dear! For its participation in joy, how unspeakable!

House-Fly.—The eye of the common house-fly is fixed so as to enable its prominent organs of vision to view accurately the objects around in every direction; it is furnished with 8000 hexagonal faces, all calculated to convey perfect images to the optic nerve, all slightly convex, all acting as so many cornea—8000 included within a space no larger than the head of a pin! all hexagonal—all of the best possible form to prevent a waste of space! This is so wonderful, that it would stagger belief, if not vouched for by being the result of the microscopical researches of such men as Lewenhoeck, and others equally eminent.

THE STATUE OF GUTENBERG.